

The Emporia News.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1899.

Organization of the Democratic Party of Breckenridge County.

Pursuant to a call published in the *American Sentinel*, a Convention of the Democracy of Breckenridge County convened at Emporia, on Saturday, the 15th day of October, 1899.

Convention was called to order by appointing Samuel Buchanan Chairman, and J. A. Fuller Secretary.

The object of the convention was briefly stated by R. M. Ruggles to be the organization of the Democratic Party in Breckenridge County; also the selection of delegates to attend the convention to be held at Burlington on the 18th inst., to nominate a Councilman for this district.

A committee was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of this convention.

The meeting was addressed by several gentlemen during the absence of the committee. Committee reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by the convention:

Whereas, There is at present no Democratic organization in Breckenridge County, and in view of the importance of the coming elections under the State organization, it is, in the opinion of this convention, advisable that there should be, and believing there are hosts of men in this county who have no sympathy with the present Republican party, therefore,

Resolved, That we do proceed to a Democratic organization without delay.

Resolved, That we affirm our faith and confidence in the principles of the Democratic party, as enunciated by the founders of that party—Jefferson and Madison—and as re-enunciated in the Cincinnati platform.

Resolved, That we believe it to be for the best interests of the future State of Kansas that it should be a free State for white men, and that we pledge ourselves to oppose negro suffrage and equality on every and all occasions.

Resolved, That the Republican party were guilty of the most wasteful expenditures and extravagances during the session of the Territorial Legislature in 1897-8, and we hereby pledge ourselves to use all honorable means to prevent a continuance of that party in power.

Resolved, That the tendency of the Republican party is toward anarchy and dissolution, and that we discontinue and disapprove of the principles, the obvious results of which is the dismembering of the States of this Union.

Resolved, That in the principles of the Democratic party we recognize the only means for the perpetuity of the Union, and we pledge ourselves to use our endeavors to insure its success in the coming election.

Resolved, That the true interpretation of the Kansas Nebraska Bill, that the people of a territory shall settle the questions of internal policy themselves, is the true Democratic principle, and the only one on which men of all sections can stand.

Resolved, That we heartily endorse the nomination of Judge Johnston, as Delegate to Congress, and that we pledge ourselves to use every effort to secure his election, and that we will give the nominee at Burlington our undivided support.

The following persons were chosen to attend the Burlington Convention: J. B. Cox, of Emporia; Dr. A. White, of Americus; C. L. Stephens, of Forest Hill; Martin, of Cottonwood.

A County Committee was chosen, consisting of one member from each Township, as follows: J. A. Fuller, of Emporia; Dr. A. White, of Americus; Peter Eikenberry, of Cottonwood; John Ogle, of Fremont; C. L. Stephens, of Forest Hill; Robert Best, of Waterloo; Chas. H. Withington, of Agnes City; M. W. Douglas, of Calhoun. On motion, the Convention adjourned.

SAM'L BUCHANAN, Pres't.
J. A. FULLER, Sec'y.

Drunkness.

When this loathsome vice has taken fast hold of a man, farewell industry, farewell emulation, farewell everything worthy of attention, farewell love of virtuous society, farewell decency of manners, and farewell, too, even an attention to person; everything is sunk by this predominant and brutal appetite. In how many instances do we see men who have begun life with the brightest prospects before them; and who have closed it without one ray of comfort or consolation! Young men, with good fortunes, good talents, good tempers, good hearts, and sound constitutions, only by being drawn into the vortex of the drunkard, have become by degrees the most loathsome and despicable of mankind. In the house of the drunkard there is no happiness for any one. All is uncertainty and anxiety. He is not the same man for one day at a time. No one knows of his goings or his incomings. When he will rise, or when he will lie down to rest is wholly a matter of chance. That which he swallows for what he calls pleasure brings pain, as surely as the night brings morning. Poverty and misery are in the train. To avoid these results we are called upon to make no sacrifice. Abstinence requires no aid to accomplish it. Our own will is all that is requisite; and if we have not the will to avoid contempt, disgrace and misery, we deserve neither relief nor compassion.—Cobbett.

Why Salt Lake is Salt.

Mr. Greeley writes as to the cause of the saltiness of Salt Lake, thus:

"That this lake should be salt, is no anomaly. All large bodies of water into which streams discharge themselves, while they have several no outlet, are or should be salt. If one such is fresh, that is an anomaly indeed. Lake Utah probably receives as much saline matter as Salt Lake; but discharges it through the Jordan and remains fresh; while Salt Lake, having no issue, save by evaporation, is properly the saltiest body of water on earth. The ocean is comparatively fresh; even the Mediterranean at Leghorn is not half so salt. I am told that three barrels of this water yield a barrel of salt; that seems rather strong, yet its intense saltiness, no one who has not had it in his eyes, his mouth, his nostrils, can realize. You can no more sink in it than in a clay bank, but a very little of it in your lungs would suffice to strangle you. You make your way in from a hot, rocky beach over a chaos of volcanic basalt that is trying to the feet; but at the depth of a yard or more you have fine sand bottom, and here the bathing is delightful.

The water is of a light green color for ten or twenty rods; then, deeply, darkly, beautifully blue. No fish can live in it; no frogs abide in it; few birds are ever seen dipping into it."

If you would be good betimes, you must acquaint yourselves with yourselves betimes. No man begins to be good till he sees himself to be bad. The ready way to be found is to see ourselves lost. The first step to mercy, is to see our own misery; the first step toward heaven, is to see ourselves near hell.

Reward of Honesty.

We find the following in the St. Louis *Republican*, of the 4th inst.:

Johnny Moore is the name of a bright-eyed, jolly-faced lad, twelve or fourteen years of age, whose invalid widowed mother, living on Morgan street, he helped to support by the sale of newspapers and by such errands and small jobs as he may chance to fall in with. Johnny, who is the hero of the pleasant and truthful incident we are about to record, is extremely neat in his attire, though his clothes have not always been of the best, and may have shown, in sundry patches and mended rents, the results of both poverty and frugal care. In short, Johnny is just such a boy as we used to "read about" in Sunday School books. Yesterday morning, bright and early, he was treading along Broadway, between Franklin Avenue and Washington street, when he chanced to stumble against a large pocket-book, which he picked up, and found to contain a large number of bank notes and papers. While he was meditating on the sudden riches he had amassed, and which he had slid into a capacious pocket, or perhaps racking his youthful mind whether to seek for the owner, or conceal his good fortune, a gentleman rushed by him in an anxious, hurried, nervous manner, which convinced the boy that he was looking for something, and he thought he knew what.

"Have you lost anything?" asked Johnny. "Yes—my pocket-book," was the gentleman's answer; "have you seen it?"

The little fellow "expected" he had—he didn't know, though. What kind of pocket-book was it? This led to an adjournment to a neighboring store, where the flushed and almost breathless individual "of the first part" proceeded to say that the pocket-book was a large black one, containing \$1,200 in bank bills and some accounts, a strip of red morocco binding underneath, the flap being inscribed "Robert Thomas, Covington, Ky." The description tallied, and Johnny's eyes snapped with cheerfulness as he placed the treasure, just as he had found it, into the stranger's hands, and we opine there was greater joy in that one act than ten thousand dollars could have purchased, at the expense of a guilty conscience.

Mr. Thomas hardly seemed to know which to feel most—relief on the recovery of his money and papers, or gratitude to the lad, and admiration of his honesty.—Taking Johnny by the hand, whose bounding heart—he knew not why—had by this time "splashed" tears into his eyes, the gentleman took him to a clothing store, and dressed him out from top to toe in a brand new suit. Then proceeding to a jewelry store, he purchased a good silver watch, upon which he directed to be engraved these words: "Robert Thomas to Little Johnny Moore. St. Louis, Sept. 3d, 1899. Honesty is the best policy." Not even content with this, the generous stranger placed in a neat purse five twenty-dollar gold pieces, which he directed the lad to give to his mother.

We shall not attempt to portray the emotions of the boy. If his quivering lips and choked utterance, and the smile that strove so hard to get through the watery globules that trembled in his eyes, failed to tell what was going on in his heart, how shall we tell it?

The City of Erzeroum.

Erzeroum, lately entirely destroyed by a series of earthquakes, was, says the *New York Herald*, the principle city of Armenia, in Asiatic Turkey, capital of a pashalik of the same name, in a plain on the Kara Soo, or west branch of the Euphrates, 120 miles south-east of Trebizond, and 165 miles west of Mount Ararat. The population, before the Russian invasion in 1830, was estimated at 100,000, but in 1844 it was only 40,000; it was, however, regularly increasing. It was partly enclosed by a wall thirty feet high, and had an extensive citadel. The streets were narrow, filthy, and infested with dogs; the houses were mostly of mud, timber, or sun-dried bricks. The principal buildings were the Armenian and Greek churches and schools, about forty mosques, a large custom house, and numerous khans or caravansaries. Erzeroum had an extensive trade with all the adjacent countries, and was a chief halting station for caravans going from Teheran and Mecca. The imports comprised shawls, silks, cotton, tobacco, rice, indigo, madder and reubarb from the east, and broadcloths, chintzes, shawls and cutlery from the west, by way of the Black Sea. Its vicinity was extremely fertile, and near it many cattle, horses, mules and sheep were reared which, with furs, galls, &c., formed the principal exports. Erzeroum was founded about 415, near the site of the ancient Arza, under the name of Theodosiopolis, and it was the bulwark of Armenia under the Byzantines, as it was under the Turks, its position rendering it an important post.

A returned Pike's Peak wagon passed our office a few days since, with these words rudely daubed on the cover: "Fizzle—ask no questions." That told the whole story as well as it could be told in half an hour, and saved the time of the travelers, who felt that they had already wasted too much.—Des Moines Citizen.

An Irishman was hired by a farmer to plow; finding he was making a poor hand at the business, the farmer asked: "Did you not tell me, sir, you could hold a plow?" "Arrah, be aisy now," said Pat: how the deuce could I hold it, and two horses drawing it away from me!"

He that drew Alexander whilst he had a spear upon his face, drew him with his finger upon the scar. So when the Lord comes to look upon a poor soul, he lays his finger upon the scar, upon the infirmity, that he may see nothing but grace, which is the beauty, and the glory of the soul.

An exchange, noticing the present of a silver cup to a contemporary, says: He needs no cup. He can drink from any vessel that contains liquor, whether the neck of a bottle, the mouth of a demijohn, the spile of a keg, or the bung of a barrel."

"Gentlemen and ladies," said the showman, "here you have a magnificent painting of Daniel in the lion's den. Daniel can be easily distinguished from the lions by the green cotton umbrella under his arm."

"That's the rock on which we split," said Harry to his wife, when she asked him to rock the cradle.

Why are blacksmiths the most discontented of tradesmen? Because they are always on the strike.

From the Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Arri and I.

Down on the slope the cow-bells tinkled;
Up in the trees the robins sang;
The bees hummed low, and Arri and I,
Set in the grape-vine there, and swung;
Strange dark eyes and a tender face,
Set in the fairest golden glow;
As they sat form of beauty and grace,
Such was Arri beside me called.

We were children then, they called us so:
And we sat there under the summer moon,
Swinging listlessly to and fro,
And humming together a low love tune;
The eyes were dropped to the fan-leaved arms,
And the sweet music swang;
Among the leaves like marriage bells,
On the white twigs, silver sang.

A fair soft loam has slept on my heart,
This many and many a day;
I would that the heart might scarcely beat
If that were taken away;
Over and over I kiss it—so—
Lay it out in the moonlight, there—
It brings me back the strange dark eyes,
The tender face and the golden hair.

She gave it me one night in May,
Walking under the full moon—
I was going away in a ship that night,
To come again in the next year's June;
I have come again, but it is not June;
Down on the slope the snow-drifts high;
The winter moon shines clear and cold,
The trees are gray, and so am I.

Moons have passed, unremembered away
Since then—their lustre coils
Have wound around the smiling earth,
And made night their spoils;
Many a May has passed away,
Many a June has sped;
Death and winter reign on the slope;
I am here, but Arri is dead!

Across the path is a grave-yard now;
I can hear the church bells ring,
And white stones mark the drifted snow,
Close by the grape-vine swing.
The sweet music of the rose bare arms,
And the rustle of tassels swing
To and fro like funeral bells,
On the dead twigs where they cling.

We are both here under the moonlight,
Where we walked so long ago;
Both, both are under the moonlight,
But one is under the snow.
Dark eyes lie deep under snow and soil,
The sweet music of the rose bare arms,
Deep, deep under shadow and grave-stone,
Thick dust is gathering there.

Dust on the forehead pure and white—
Dust on my heart so heavy and cold!
Tempest and rain and night have passed,
Over my life so gray and old.
Many a night and many a storm
Have darkened the blue Pacific's flow;
I am no longer on the coast of gold,
Down by the red equator's glow.

Passed with its sheltering wings of night—
The burning tropical day rose up,
And then I counted the days no more;
I never counted the burning years;
(Crossing the seas with their fiery tread)—
What matter to me if they went and came?
I was a slave, and she was dead!

Mr. Greeley's Experience in the Interior of California.

The country papers along the route of Mr. Greeley's travels make merry over the personal reminiscences of the philosopher. The following items are from the *Mariposa Gazette*:

A PHILANTHROPIST ON A HORSE.

Hon. Horace Greeley left Col. Fremont's residence in Bear Valley, Thursday morning of last week, and reached the Yosemite Valley the same night. He returned via the Big Tree grove, which is a distance of ten miles from the Yosemite trail, reaching Bear Valley Saturday night. From Mariposa the party were absent fifty-five hours, fourteen of which were spent in the valley. This is much the quickest trip ever made. Horace, though not by any means an elegant equestrian, possesses two important qualifications for making good time. He sticks to the saddle, or in other words, "hangs on to the crupper" with one hand, licks his beard energetically with the other, and "goes it," shaking all over like a jelly. He would not, after his fatiguing trip was over, own up to soreness, as it affected his honor, though we gravely suspect the seat of it was somewhat damaged, for at times he evidently was considering his latter end.

EXPRESSING HIS WONDER AT THE BIG TREES.

He was very companionable on the road, discussing upon light and heavy subjects with easy bluntness and naivete. There is considerable of a dry comic quality in his composition, which unmistakably sticks out on suitable occasions. A peculiarity was noticeable in his manner of expressing wonder and admiration of the big trees of the valley, &c.; when anything remarkable appeared to view he would break forth into whistling, which sounded like wind blowing through a knot-hole, or roar on some "hime" or sort of pot pourri, in which all sorts of words and metres were beautifully intermingled, and set to most execrable music, enough to charm the heart of a cat-head owl. He had also learned to yell or howl in coming across the plains, in a manner that would astonish any aborigine on this continent to a dead certainty.

MEM. OF HIS TRAVELING COSTUME.

On one foot he wore a cotton sock and on the other a woolen one. Boots, number 14, which not many years ago cost as much as \$2.50. Pepper and salt pants, with the old white coat and hat, completed his entire habiliments, the tout ensemble of which was very striking and antique. The old coat was much dilapidated, and pieces had been cut from it in sundry and diverse places. The committee that met him at Placerville cut off all the buttons but three, and the Yosemite delegation got the rest with most of its binding.

A CASE OF CLEAR DECEPTION.

Mr. Greeley was invited to Stockton by the authorities, and was met by those deputized for the service of welcoming him outside the city walls, and taken by them to the mayor's house. There the corporation address was read to him, to which he replied briefly, expressing thanks for his reception. He was then informed that as the city's guest, rooms had been provided for him at their best hotel. Mr. Greeley, then, seated in a barouche, was driven to the aforesaid hotel. In the evening he addressed the citizens, and in the morning, as he established himself in his carriage, (about starting for Mariposa) the boy of the house ran out, yelling: "Mr. Greeley! O-o-o Greeley, yer haven't paid yer bill!" The distinguished philosopher philosophically took out his purse, paid it and left.

WITTY AND TRUE.—Jean Paul certainly understood womankind remarkably well. He says that "female hearts are like Spanish houses, having more doors than windows, and it is much easier to get into them than to see into them." Thou sayest well, O Jean Paul; it is even so.

It takes five pounds of corn to form one of beef. Three and a half pounds of cooked meat will form one pound of pork.

The following beautiful extract from the pen of Albin Beard, Esq., Editor of the *New Hampshire Telegraph*, (Nashua, N. H.), will find a response in the hearts of our readers, as they recall the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

THE "ALUMNI" OF OUR SCHOOL.—Great times, the graduates of academies are having now-a-days. They had a great time at Gilmanton the other day, when the "alumni" of the old Gilmanton Academy gathered themselves together to talk of old times.—The "alumni" of the Appleton Academy at Mount Vernon are to have a great union the 24th inst., when they are together.—Somehow, we are "counted out" in all these alumnus gatherings. The fact is, we never went to any of these "academies," nor to any academy. But if we could get up a gathering of the alumni of that old school house—not the little "red school-house" that we read so much about, and so often, for it was as destitute of paint as the fairest and purest virgin maiden there—wouldn't it be one of the times! Oh, if we could only go back a considerable number of years, and climb over the fences, up the hills, and through the woods, where the tortuous path led to that humble temple of very humble learning, "winds its devious way," as we did of old, and meet them, the joyous throng of boys and girls, whom we met there year after year, and who are scattered now, God only knows where—many, we know, and very many of whom, no doubt, are in their graves—that would be a re-union worth going to? And that re-union will come. Not here.

Let us give our fancy scope for a time. Ah! here we are upon that old path once more. We have scaled the wall at the corner and passed the little cow-yard, and now we mount the hill. How steep it seems to us now. We "let down the bars," and enter the mowing—pass the little swamp—enter the "forest primeval," and pursue the little foot-path through the deep snow.—Anon, some mischievous boy kicks the trunk of the close-leaved spruce, and the impending snow comes down, a perfect avalanche, filling our neck with the fleecy element, and making the girls scream as girls of a certain age only can. Through the woods we go, and emerge at last in the open pasture, and there it is, the little brown school house, perched upon the top of the wall, in the "geographical centre" of the district, with only three families which reach it except by cross-lots. We hear the tap-tap-tap of the master, as he beats with his "rule" upon the window-sash, sadly battered with such usage, and we enter the narrow vestibule. We hang our cap upon the accustomed nail, and open the door into that inner temple, give a nod, which passes for "manners," and after warming for a space, before the enormous fire of green wood, we take our accustomed seat.

They are all there, the "alumni" of that humble institute. The big boys who wash the smaller boys' faces in the cold snow, sit away on the back seat—those higher seats to which we look with so much awe, shall we ever reach them?—while on the front, little boys sit with their heels dangling in the air, powerless to reach the floor. The great girls and the little girls are all there—as blooming and as fresh as ever. [Time has dealt very gently with them. There was a fair face there, which somebody thought passing fair, then. It has grown mature since then, but the beauty remains. This parenthetically! We "take our places" again upon the floor—the word is given—"Attend!" and every book falls at the side, the fore finger marking the "place." "Manners!" says the master, and every book comes up to eye-shot, and reading goes on. Then comes the spelling—that branch is not neglected here—and the strife for the "head" is pursued with animation. The exercises of the forenoon are through, and the joyous uproarious noon has come. The dinner baskets are brought out, and such a savory smell of sausages, and dough nuts, and bread and butter! Do the Gilmanton "alumni" have any such festivals as that? And then the frolic and fun, until some watchful urchin's shout "the master is coming," as that dignitary emerges from the woods, causes a general stampede for the school-house—for all are required to be in their seats when he enters. But this imaginary meeting must be broken up. We shall meet them never again this side of the grave. Beyond, they will all meet—the alumni of our school—and the sweet faces that beamed on us long ago in the past will be no more radiant than then!

A DESERVED REBUKE.—Old Professor S.

was one of the instructors at Dartmouth College years ago, and withal about as blunt and straightforward a specimen of humanity as ever worked, being considered a little crabbed by inmates. One day in the early summer he was taking his usual stroll around the village, keeping his "eye out" for any "fast" student who might be off duty, when he chanced to meet Mr. Page, a sturdy farmer from East Hanover, with a load of wood, trudging along the dusty street barefooted and coatless, but he was a fine representative of "nature's noblemen." "Hullo! Mr. Page," growled the Professor, "I should like to know if all the people at East Hanover go barefoot?" "Part on 'em do, and the rest on 'em mind their own business," was the settling reply.

VERDANCY IN INDIANA.—An insurance agent in this city, a gentleman well and favorably known as a man of truth and veracity, tells the following, in illustration of the verdancy of a gentleman in Pike county, Ind., with whom he had effected a policy of insurance:

In the list of printed questions in the company's blanks, there is one like this:—"Ashes—how kept?" The Pike county gentleman was burned out, and after the fire discovered this question in his policy, and, resolving to make a sure thing of his premium, wrote our informant something in this wise:—"Dear Sir, I was burned out on the — day of —, and, according to your laws, I have kept the ashes." They are in barrels, what shall I do with them?"—*Peoria Union*.

BOILED WATERMELON.—The Boston *Herald* says a gentleman of that city, whose family is luxuriating in the country and who is compelled, therefore, to trust kitchen matters to the inexperienced hands of green "help," sent home an excellent watermelon, one day last week, for dinner; but what was his astonishment when he found that the melon had been mistaken for a squash and boiled to jelly. The unfortunate man remonstrated mildly. "Sure," said the girl, "I thought it was a mighty juicy squash."

Pretty Stanzas.

Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
Drop by drop the springs run dry;
One by one, beyond recall,
Summer beauties fade and die;
But the roses bloom again,
And the spring will gush anew,
In the pleasant April rain,
And the summer sun and dew.

So, in hours of deepest gloom,
When the springs of gladness fail,
And the roses in their bloom,
Drop like maidens wan and pale;
We shall find some hope that lies
Like a silent gem apart,
Hidden far from careless eyes
In the garden of the heart.

Some sweet hope to gladness wed,
That will spring afresh and new,
When grief's winter shall have fled,
Giving place to rain and dew—
Some sweet hope that breathes of spring,
Through the weary, weary time,
Budding for its blossoming,
In the spirit's glorious clime.

How Tecumseh was Killed.

The *Western Christian Advocate*, of recent date, contains an obituary notice, by Rev. A. Wright, of the Indiana M. E. Church, of Isaac Hamblin, Sr., who died at his residence near Bloomfield, Ind., a few months since, aged 86 years. Mr. Hamblin was a man of deep piety and unquestionable veracity. He was in the battle of the Thames, and the writer gives the following as his statement in regard to the manner in which Tecumseh was killed:

"He says he was standing but a few feet from Colonel Johnson when he fell, and in full view, and saw the whole of that part of the battle. He was well acquainted with Tecumseh, having seen him before the war, and having been a prisoner seventeen days, and received many a cursing from him. He thinks that Tecumseh thought that Johnson was Harrison, as he often heard the chief swear he would have Harrison's scalp, and seemed to have a special hatred toward him. Johnson's horse fell under him, he himself being also deeply wounded; in the fall he lost his sword, his large pistols were empty, and he was entangled with his horse on the ground. Tecumseh had fired his rifle at him, and when he saw him fall, he threw down his gun and bounded forward like a tiger sure of his prey. Johnson had only a side pistol ready for use. He aimed at the chief over the head of his horse, and shot near the center of his forehead.—When the ball struck it seemed to him that the Indian jumped full fifteen feet into the air; as soon as he struck the ground a little Frenchman ran his bayonet into him and pinned him fast to the ground."

Illustration of Law.

A good story was told in our city lately, which serves to illustrate that "possession is nine points of law." A is a rather sharp lawyer, and resides next door to B. The houses A. and B. occupy are similar in appearance, and as they adjoin, are easily mistaken by a comparative stranger. B. being out of coal, walks to the coal market, purchased a load for \$3.30, and sends it home. The man of whom he purchased, mistakes the residence of A. for that of B., and dumps the coal in A's yard. The lawyer's man sees the coal in the yard, and gets a wheelbarrow and shovel and puts it into the cellar. B. is in a "peck of trouble" that his coal does not come, and goes out to find the man from whom he bought it.

"See here, my country friend, I bought a load of coal of you, and you have not delivered it," says he as soon as he had found the collier.

"You bought the load and paid for it, and I delivered it," said the coal dealer.

Here the thought struck B., that he saw coal in his neighbor's (the lawyer's) yard, and immediately divined the mystery. He starts for the lawyer's office, and finding him, thus accosted him:—

"Mr. A., suppose you should buy a load of coal, and the man should put it in the wrong yard, what would you require of the gentleman who appropriated the coal?"

"Well, sir," said the lawyer, "I should either make him return the coal or pay the amount I paid for the load."

"Very well," said Mr. B. "just give me \$3.30."

The lawyer gently drew thirty cents from his pocket and handed it to B.

"What does this mean, Mr. A.?"

"Owe me \$3 more," said the astonished B.

"Not at all," said the lawyer; "I charge \$3 for my advice!"

From the Rochester Union.

Rope Walking at Genesee Falls.

About two o'clock this afternoon, M. De Lave commenced his rope walking over the Genesee Falls, in presence of a few hundred people. He walked over and back successfully.

A short time after he appeared to undertake the feat of carrying a man upon his back. The man mounted upon his shoulders with his feet suspended at the sides of De Lave, and he moved slowly out upon the rope.

When near the centre of the river the rope began to sway, and it was clear that the feat was not to be accomplished. Presently De Lave saw that he was about to fall, and threw his pole and caught by his arms. The man upon his back caught around his body and drew himself up on the rope.

And there the two acrobats were seated upon the rope when our reporter left. We hear, just as we go to press, that they managed to reach the shore in safety upon the rope.

We understand that De Lave attributed the failure of the feat to the wet rope—the spray flying upon it in quite a shower.

This adventure of taking a man over was one that De Lave had better omitted altogether. And in my view of the small audience he had to-day, it is surprising that he undertook it.

This will probably be the end of rope-walking in this city.

A wag in New York, seeing a man driving a tack into a card, through the letter T of the word "Boston" printed on it, seized the latter and exclaimed:—"Why, what are you about? Don't you know that laying tax on tea in Boston once raised a thundering muss there?"

A woman, purchasing cups and saucers, was asked what color she would have.—"Why, I ain't particular," says she: any color that won't show the dirt."

A distinguished antiquary wishes to know in whose possession is the chair on which "Verbum sat."

What our Fine Fruits Sprung From.

The Peach, originally, was a poisonous almond. Its flesh parts were then used to poison arrows, and it was for this purpose introduced into Persia. The transplanting and cultivation, however, not only removed its poisonous qualities but produced the delicious fruit we now enjoy.

The Nectarine and Apricot are natural hybridizations between the peach and plum. The Cherry was originally a berry-like fruit, and cultivation has given each berry a separate stem, and improved its quality. The common mazzard is the original of most of the present kind of cherries.

The common wild pear is even inferior to the choke pear, and still, by cultivation, it has come to rank among our finest fruits. The cabbage originally came from Germany, and is nothing more than common sea-kale. Its cultivation has produced the present cabbage, and its different acclimations the different kinds, which its hybridizations, with other similar plants, have produced the cauliflower.

This shows the benefits of cultivation in the vegetable world; but the change which cultivation has effected in the mind of man, is infinitely greater.

PRESERVING SWEET POTATOES.—A CORRESPONDENT OF THE GENESSEE FARMER TELLS HOW HE PRESERVES SWEET POTATOES THUS: IN THE FALL COLLECT FROM THE ROAD THE DUST THAT HAS BEEN FORMED OF MIXTURE OF SAND AND CLAY, AND DRY IT THOROUGHLY, BY EITHER PLACING IT ON A PLATFORM IN THE SUN OR IN A KILN. NOW, TAKE AN OLD BARREL, PUT IN A THIN LAYER OF POTATOES—ONE DEEP ONLY—THEN ANOTHER OF SAND, SO AS TO COMPLETELY COVER THEM, AND SO ON UNTIL THE BARREL IS FILLED. IF YOU HAPPEN TO HAVE ENOUGH TO DO IT. KEEP THE BARRELS, AFTER BEING FILLED, IN A DRY PLACE UNTIL FROSTY WEATHER, THEN REMOVE THEM TO YOUR KITCHEN FLOOR, WHERE THEY HAVE THE BENEFIT OF THE FIRE BELOW TO KEEP THEM FROM FREEZING, AND ALSO FROM BECOMING DAMP, EITHER OF WHICH CAUSES THEM TO ROT IMMEDIATELY. NOW IF YOU CAN KEEP "BRIDGES" FROM DIGGING THEM ALL OUT AND ROASTING THEM, YOU WILL HAVE THEM SOUND AND LIVELY THE FIRST OF MAY. INDEED, WE HAVE KEPT THEM A WHOLE YEAR IN THIS MANNER, AND HAVE PRACTICED IT WITH UNIFORM SUCCESS FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS.

THE NEW FRENCH WHEELBARROW.—THE NEW WHEELBARROW, WHICH IS WORKED BY THE MEN EMPLOYED TO REPAIR THE DAMAGES OCCASIONED BY THE JETES IN THE GARDENS OF THE TUILERIES, IS ATTRACTING MUCH ATTENTION.—THE NOVELTY OF THE MACHINE CONSISTS IN THE TWO WHEELS, SMALLER THAN THE ONE IN FRONT, WHICH ARE FIXED IMMEDIATELY UNDER THE BODY OF THE BARROW. THE HANDLES ARE RAISED SO AS TO BE ON A LEVEL WITH THE HANDS OF THE WORKMEN; AND THUS, UPON A LEVEL ROAD, A SLIGHT PUSH IS ALL THAT IS NECESSARY FOR THE TRANSPORT OF THE HEAVIEST LOAD. THE THREE WHEELS BEING ALMOST CLOSE TOGETHER, THE ACT OF TURNING THE BARROW IN THE SMALLEST SPACE BECOMES AS EASY AS POSSIBLE. THE WORKMAN HAS BUT TO LEAN ON ONE OF THE HANDLES, AND THE FRONT WHEEL IS LIFTED FROM THE GROUND, LEAVING THE BARROW FREE TO BE MANEUVERED LIKE A COMMON HANDCART.

A CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—A Saxon forester named Castell, now of the venerable age of 82 years, unwilling to take to the grave with him a secret of so much importance, has made public in the Leipzig Journal the means which he has used for fifty years, and wherewith, he affirms, he has rescued many human beings and cattle from the dreadful death of hydrophobia:—

Take immediately warm vinegar or tepid water; wash the wound clean therewith, and dry it; pour then upon the wound a few drops of muriatic acid, because mineral acids destroy the poison of the saliva, by which the evil effects of the latter are neutralized.

A CURE FOR SPRAINS.—In the Paris hospitals a treatment is practiced that is found most successful for a frequent accident, and which can be applied by the most inexperienced. If the ankle is sprained, for instance, let the operator hold the foot in his hands, with the thumbs meeting on the swollen part. These, having been previously greased, are pressed successively with increasing force on the injured and painful spot, for about a quarter of an hour. This application being repeated several times, will, in the course of the day, enable a patient to walk, when other means would have failed to relieve him.—*Scientific Am.*

Mr. Yancy, of Iowa, advances the idea in the Rural New Yorker, that the only proper time to sow timothy and red top, is when the seed becomes so ripe that it falls to the earth of its own accord—in this latitude, from the 20th of July to the